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Memory

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Chapter 1 by Rahee Rah

I wait outside. I need a better word for that. I linger in the street. I slowly analyse my surroundings. I've always wondered why people would ever want to buy a house with bleak colours. I store it for later use. Might help me understand more about others.

That was one of 528 thoughts inside of my head. 528, the number of hertz that "Psalms of Aliyah" was recorded at. My gaze is drawn towards the insidious glance between two friends as they watch their querulous friend complain about how his son never seems to be able to communicate with his friend. If only they knew.

You see, his son can actually socialize. He simply thinks that everybody in his school is too simplistic. Which is not true, as they all seem to watch the same videos, see the same sites and struggle with same pieces of homework.

I move onto Mexico City. Two boys beating on one. Of course they are, this boy said something insulting about the boys mothers. Secretly, he is smiling as he knows he has won. And he has, because a pretty girl is watching quietly. She will help him up as soon as the bullies have left and take him home. I move away, but not before seeing them lay off before he dies Two fractured

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